

one

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FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



**LET'S PUSH
HOMOPHILE MARRIAGE**

one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



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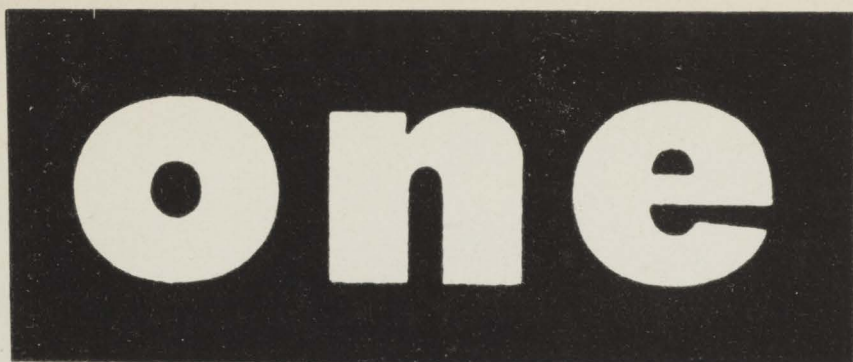
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one



"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume XI

Number 6

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EDITORIAL

The law in our land does not only prosecute. It protects.

Why is it that of the world's major and most-read homophile publications, few beside the American one, ONE Magazine, are freely mailed and openly sold on newsstands?

Because the U. S. Supreme Court, our land's highest tribunal of U. S. law, has protected, in the case of ONE, Inc. vs. Otto K. Olesen, these basic rights.

Why is it that already in one of our states we have laws on homosexuality which foreign homosexuals, in England, Russia, and France, would give their eye-teeth to have?

Because one legislature at least has acted on what remains a mere recommendation in these other places.

"The law" is not just the vice squad, any more than it is just the traffic cop. Nor is it just the bigoted local judge. Not in the USA.

"The law" is not the same in all lands.

Why have you never heard of, say, a French or German homophile magazine fighting its way up through their courts to their land's highest tribunal of law? Because their law does not permit it. Why have you never heard of a Russian homophile organization? Because in Russia things are so bad there is none.

With many uninformed American homosexuals, the glamor of the word "foreign" causes a misconception. It's the old human quirk epitomized by the saying, "The grass always looks greener on the other side". Gay tourists can return with an Italian marble, a Spanish mantilla, and fond memories of the baths in Athens — but did they notice there was not one homosexual organization or publication in those countries?

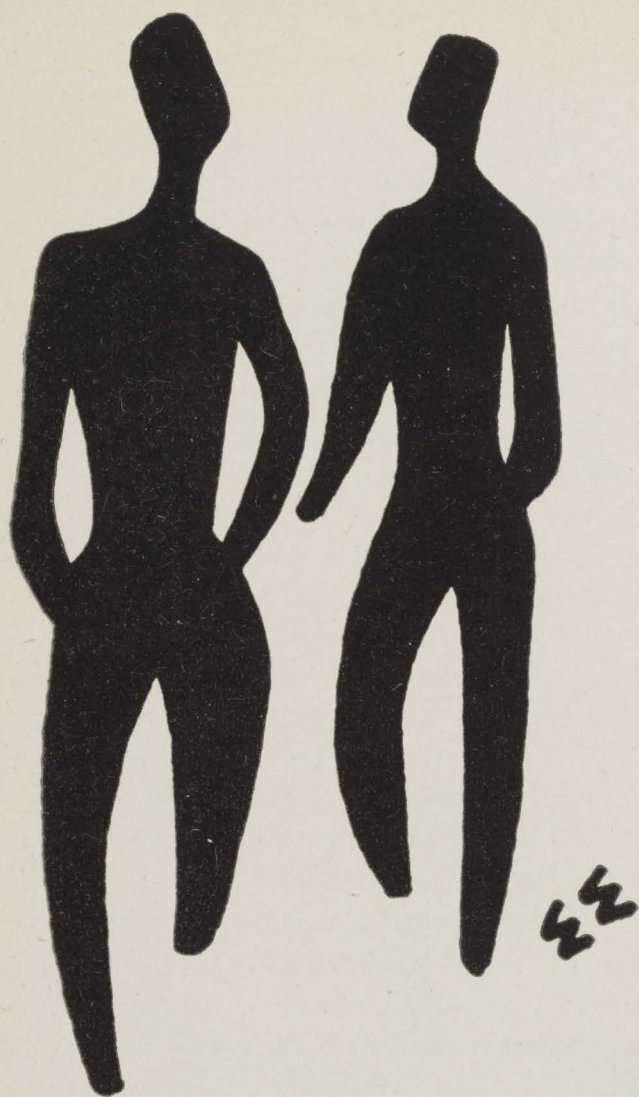
I am proud of being an American. I'd be proud of it if I were heterosexual. But being homosexual, I am *especially* proud, and just plain glad, I am an American.

Because I know I am lucky to be living in a land whose laws permit me to speak, write, and organize as a homosexual, and whose laws permit me to propagandize for the repeal of those I believe to be inhumane and archaic.

Let's not be tourists in our own land.

K. O. Neal
Associate Editor





LET'S PUSH HOMOPHILE MARRIAGE

by Randy Lloyd

There are many homophiles who, like me, find the homophile married life so much more preferable, ethically superior, enjoyable, exciting, less-responsibility-ridden (contrary to a lot of propaganda from the single set), and just plain more fun—well, there's no sense beating around the bush—the truth is, many of us married homophiles regard our way of life as much, much superior and as a consequence, mainly stick to ourselves and look down our noses at the trouble-causing, time-wasting, money-scattering, frantically promiscuous, bar-cruising, tearoom-peeping, street crotch-watching, bathhouse - towel-twitching, and moviehouse-nervous-knee single set.

Now, before you scream "Snob!" I want to say that there are plenty of the single set who just as strongly and volubly look down on us. And it seems to me that lately in the pages of *ONE* their viewpoint has been way out of line in preponderance. And, frankly, I'm sick of it.

Not only in *ONE* is the homophile married set getting the short end. In the recent (March 1963) article in *Harpers* (and with that big circulation, the article is going to get around) called "New York's Middle-Class Homosexuals," all that is discussed to any extent are the bar-cruising singles. There is a mention that a certain area is famous for "young marrieds," leaving the flippant impression that homophile marriage is only a state, like pimples, that some of the very young go through. (Incidentally, that author never mentions who he thinks the *upper-class* homosexuals are—and my candidates, of course, would be us old and middle-aged long-marrieds!)

I realize that much of the lack of publicity on the homophile married set, and the extent of it, is our own fault, or, if you prefer (depending on your point of view), the fault of circumstances. Marriage, it has been

said, is a private affair. A homophile marriage is a *very* private affair.

In the first place, usually we've got more to lose—a house, two good jobs (often in the professions), and a happy personal relationship that has been tempered by the years. To find a married couple so endowed that would take their chances on, for instance, appearing as such in a TV show would be tremendously difficult. Not only jobs and material things are at stake but also personal relations with one's relatives and in-laws. Instead of just one set of heterosexual parents and relatives, in a homophile marriage there are two sets. I have only siblings, all of whom accept my circumstances. But my lover has three aunts, very religious, who raised him through sacrifices, and he would not dream of causing them embarrassment and grief. It would be a very rare homophile marriage that did not have on one side or the other some good reason for shunning publicity.

Also, we married couples simply aren't as "good copy." It is not, I know, the fault of the editors of ONE that more is not printed on us. It is far more difficult to write well and interestingly on a situation that has less conflict.

This lack of publicity regarding homophile marriages runs back all through history. I have no doubt but that they have quietly existed in all periods, but references to them are scarce as hens' teeth.

One might think (and some homophiles naively do) that in that fantastically homosexual period, the Golden Age of Greece, there would be some such references. But in all their literature there is none. The Greeks had the concept of the *transient* homosexual relationship between two young warriors of about the same ages, and they also had the concept of the *transient* homosexual relationship between an older man and a youth. But if they recognized (let alone permit-

ted!) two homosexuals living together with the obvious intent of a life-long relationship, they certainly never extolled it. Theirs was the practice of bisexuality. The person who was completely homosexual held absolutely no status of honor with them. That fact is totally foreign to our modern homophile movement.

This lack of historical material regarding the idea of homophile marriage works to the detriment of that point of view, of course. Homophile writers have many past ideals, myths, and famed love affairs to make reference to and elaborate on—but not a one pertains to homophile marriage. Gide and Cory, for instance, (both bisexual and married to women), can evoke their Greek forerunners and draw from that fabulous mine of literature. We have nothing comparable.

The concept of homophile marriage is new, a modern concept, a product of our great current homophile movement that commenced in Germany in the 1800's. I suspect that if anyone could be tagged as the first to intellectually push homophile marriage (though cautiously and embryonically), it would be the Englishman, Edward Carpenter. There are indications that he was homosexually married, and his writings are remarkably free from being circled around the Greek idea of the transient homosexual love affair.

Homophile marriage would always have been, and would be today, much more prevalent were it not for that major problem that has, very rightly, been the subject of serious discussions at classes at ONE INSTITUTE—the problem of how to meet.

Nowhere is discrimination against us more telling than on this point. Heterosexual society screams against the sexual promiscuity of homosexuals, but by their laws and anathema regarding homosexuals they drive us underground and force us to live 95% of our lives "passing" as heteros

with so little time left to socialize with other homosexuals that an eat-and-run sexual fling is about all that can be managed. To find a marriage partner, one must meet many prospects, and on a social basis, not on a furtive and desperate wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am basis.

Imagine what it would have been like if in your schooldays the majority of the classmates of your sex had been not heterosexuals but homosexuals. Imagine the same situation regarding the people you meet through your job. What a number of prospective marriage partners to choose from!

Imagine being able, as a heterosexual brother is able, to any night of the week pick from any number of respectable places to socialize, such as dance halls, bridge clubs, church socials, rockhound clubs, or what-have-you!

The "Pen Pal" ruckus in the pages of ONE, and the continued interest in it, is an outgrowth of this problem of meeting prospective marriage partners. Oddly, while a homophile organization cannot push pen pal clubs, it can with complete safety and legal impunity, and with total indifference from heterosexual society, do something that is even better—hold actual gatherings where homophiles can meet face to face, such as the Sunday afternoon lectures, the night classes, or the large MIDWINTER INSTITUTE held by ONE. These are, along with meeting people in a social gathering at a homophile home, probably the best situations for meeting a likely prospect for a homophile marriage.

To find The Right One, a person whether heterosexual or homosexual has got to meet a lot of prospects. The wonder is not why under their circumstances so many homosexuals are promiscuous. It is how so many homophile marriages manage to occur. With the handicap we are under, perhaps luck has most to do with it.

In my own case, I certainly would

not deny having had luck—but I sure did all I could to help it along! God helps those who help themselves, and I must admit I'm sick to death of these homosexuals who want to get married, but instead of doing anything intelligent about it and working at it, have just plain given up the fight in a great big tizzy of petulance and despair and flown off into either a fit of cynical celibacy with frequent hot flashes, or into a fit of cynical promiscuity—the highlights of such a life consisting of running off at the mouth about "tricks," running off at the other end from VD, living in mortal terror that one's friends, employer, and relatives will find out about that "lewd vag" one pleaded guilty to, and ending up so jaded that one can't get one's interest up unless it's through an orange gloryhole.

Is it not ridiculous that the most joy-giving and beautiful instinct man has should lead a human being up one or the other of these dead-end streets?

Now, I know there are plenty of single homophiles around both suited and eager for homophile marriage, and since nobody else seems to be writing anything pushing homophile marriage, I've been questioning my married friends and getting tips and jotting things down and have come up with some do's and don'ts, sort of a gay "How To Succeed In Getting Married By Trying". Here they are:

—Remain optimistic. Just because you've had the door slammed in your face by desirable partners for marriage, don't give up and slam the door on marriage. Homophiles *are* under a *disadvantage* in meeting prospective marriage partners. But so what? So just face the fact as you've faced other facts and go on from there. Ten years isn't too long to keep looking. And don't buy that propaganda that all homophiles have a mania for youth.

—Meet a *lot* of new homophiles,

and this means socially. And *talk*, don't just stand there and make goo-goo eyes and try to look sexy. I've always suspected Freud's theory on homosexuals being fixated at an immature stage came from walking through a gay park and seeing their frantically cruising one another not by talking but by animal-like eyeing one another.

—Cultivate the homophile married set. Like attracts like. And if you see something good that's already married—well, as a doctor friend whose own homophile marriage busted up says, "You've got to keep in touch, you never know." Homophile marriages have divorces, too.

—Don't fritter away your sexual energy while you shop around. A play gets its notices, reviews, reputation, and advance sale from opening night.

—If you don't cook, look for somebody who can. Into old age, you'll be needing food three times a day. Even the wildest ratings in Kinsey don't have sex that much.

—If you hanker for a house, don't "wait for marriage" to buy one. The type that likes marriage likes nothing more. However, don't get overly attached to it. If a prospective partner shows desire for another house, move. There are plenty of fine real estate agents (a breed, by the way, that is very remarkably free from prejudice). But there are no agents for finding homophile marriage partners.

—Don't expect to be continually amused and unbored every hour of the day you spend with a prospective marriage partner. If you're the gay type that tries to be continually amused, you're not only unsuited for marriage, you just haven't grown up.

—Don't worry in advance about what your heterosexual mother, father, sisters, brothers, or neighbors "will say" about your homophile marriage. You'll be surprised at how heterosexuals' attitudes change to re-

spect when faced with what they've been told is impossible from homosexuals—a show of guts. The chances are they will never "say" anything. And *you* will probably be so happy that *you* will be the one who wants to speak up. But keep your big mouth shut.

—Expect to adjust. If your partner likes things you think are "weird", like birdwatching, grunion running, or sex in the mornings, well, at least give it a fling. Keep in mind that the partner will always have a bitch list at least as long as the one you'll be keeping.

—Don't be afraid of going into communal debt with a marriage partner—and a big one, such as a car or, better yet, a house and furniture. Let's face it—spats and blow-ups are inherent in any marriage, and heteros have divorce laws and children as aids to cooling off, but we don't. Don't think you're going to get married and have an agreement that you'll each keep ownership separate for everything "in case it doesn't work out"—because with that attitude it won't. A divorce under the other system may be one hell of a mess, but at least you had a chance—and a messy division of property will probably beat some sense into your head and make you work harder to avoid one the next time—it did me!

—Go to a private M.D., tell him you want a Wassermann cause you had a few too many one night a month ago and in a hotel bar you picked up this girl, of whom all you know is that she said she was passing through town and her first name was Phoebe. There is nothing wrong in having VD, but there is in keeping it.

—Keep the gut down. If you feel frustrated and think you've got to sublimate, pick on anything but food. It is not (what is?) a good substitute for an enjoyable sex life.

—Keep clean. All over.

Now, while I claim the right to rant and rave in favor of homophile marriage and the right to rant and rave against the trouble-causing promiscuous single set, I sure am not claiming that all homophiles should be married. Not everybody is suited for marriage, including plenty of heterosexuals. I think the two viewpoints are put well and wittily by Shaw's saying that "Marriage is the most promiscuous institution ever invented—that is the secret of its success", and Wilde's saying that "Marriage affords the maximum opportunities for sex—but with the minimum of temptation."

One viewpoint finds marriage enhancing sexual enjoyment; the other, not. It is, simply, a matter of taste.

One thing is for sure about homophile marriages—the number taking place can only increase in the future. With the continued lessening of discrimination, such as the change in the legal code of Illinois, it is going to dawn on more and more homophiles that they can quit sneaking into bars, urinals, bathhouses, etc. — the very places where they get arrested (and no law change is going to alter that!) — but that they can with complete safety consort with one another in large or small gatherings of other homophiles, whether it be at a gathering sponsored by a homophile organization, or in homes, or both. And with that increased social communication among homophiles, the mathematical chances of homophile marriages soar.

It seems to me that when society finally accepts homophiles as a valid minority with minority rights, it is going first of all to accept the married homophiles. We are, after all, the closest to their ideals. Now, I have always been rather vehemently "gay," and before my marriage I really never had much truck socially with heterosexuals. I was accused, and admitted, of having a prejudice and a chip on my shoulder where heteros were con-

cerned. And when I saw that my marriage partner had quite a few hetero friends, I cringed, and before each social get-together I was all bristly and quivering to be very sensitive at each slighting remark. If heteros didn't like homosexuality they could lump it, was my attitude. I knew they would "know," because almost only an idiot can miss the significance of two men in a big house, especially ours with that statuary, those books in full view, and those paintings.

In short, I was flabbergasted to find (I don't think any social fact ever surprised me more) our homosexual marriage — well, "accepted" may be misleading. We have never discussed homosexuality with them, and I would think that only after a frank discussion with each heterosexual you meet could you then say a heterosexual "accepts" you. "A degree of acceptance" may be the right term. "Toleration" is too negative a term to cover the situation I found, though I feel there is some "toleration" involved.

But, anyway, this degree of acceptance I was so amazed to discover has existed over many years from many different heterosexuals, both married and single. And my real eye-opener occurred when these heteros, with a cool nonchalance that made *me* feel woefully unsophisticated, started calmly pulling out from their social backgrounds, and introducing us to, other homophile married couples!

As they say in the comic strip *Peanuts*, I felt like something akin to a fool. I had been taken in by prejudice and preconceived judgments, which I learned are not solely the properties of heterosexuals. It was quite an experience for me. So you can see that when I say it seems to me that society will first of all accept the married homophiles, I am not merely theorizing. I still have that chip on my shoulder — but it sure has been whittled down!

There are many homosexuals, who neither desire nor are suited for homophile marriage, that ridicule what they call the "heterosexual" institution of marriage. This is only a clever twisting. Marriage is no more a strictly heterosexual social custom than are the social customs of birthday celebrations, funerals, house-warmings, or, for that matter, sleeping, eating, and the like. I participate in those, not because they are heterosexual or homosexual things, but because I am a human being. Being homosexual does not put one out of the human race. I am a human being, male and married to another male; not because I am aping heterosexuals, but because I have discovered that that is by far the most enjoyable way of life to me. And I think that's also the reason heterosexual men and woman marry, though some people twist things around to make it appear they are merely following convention.

After all, there must be something to marriage, else what is the reason for its great popularity? Marriage is not anybody's "convention". It is a way of living and is equally good for homosexuals and heterosexuals.

I think it is high time the modern homophile movement started paying more attention to homophile marriage. We are not living in the days of ancient Greece, our movement does not stem from those days, and it is not based on the homosexual ethics of those days.

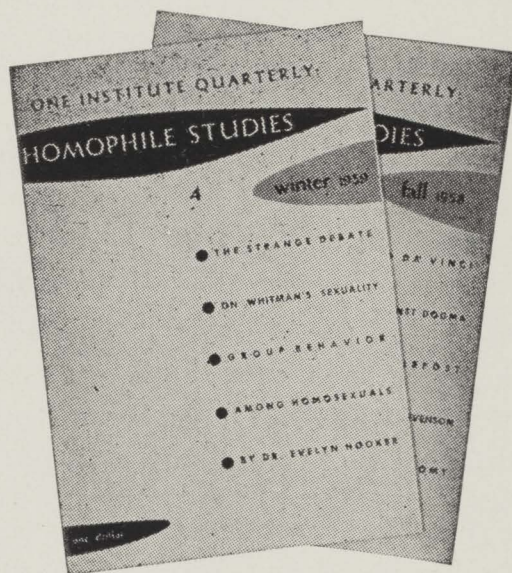
Homophile marriage is not only a strictly modern idea that proves our movement today is something new in history, it is the most stable, sensible, and ethical way to live for homophiles. Our homophile movement is going to have to face, sooner or later, the problem of adopting a standard of ethics. We have got to start laying the groundwork. I can't think of a better way to begin than by pushing homophile marriage.



NOW OUT

QUARTERLY

NO. 15



Editorial on the scholarly and research importance of ONE's Library, by Leslie Colfax, Librarian. "Biological Factors in Sexual Behavior," by Dr. Ray Evans, clinical psychologist, an important paper in this or any other journal. Dr. Evans says, "The very fact that throughout the mammalian scale a great many more males than females engage in homosexual behavior is in itself suggestive of a constitutional factor."

Part II, the concluding section of "A Study of Homosexuality in France during the Reigns of Louis XIII & Louis XIV," by Marc Daniel, translated here from the French for the first time.

The Indexes for Volumes I, II & III; Letters; Abstracts.

EDUCATION DIVISION

ONE Incorporated
2256 Venice Blvd.

IDENTIFICATION

The sound of my footsteps echoing
along the forsaken boardwalk
seems to beat a cadence
with the hammering surf.
Overhead,
the sky cannot decide between fleecy turbulence
and heavy gray.
The arthritic hinges of a rusty Coca Cola sign
cry out in protest
as the breeze shoulders its way blindly
among the decaying buildings.
A scrap of paper moves across the sand,
dancing, spinning, tumbling.
The desolation is complete.
I have come to feed upon this,
nurturing my loneliness,
exploiting my loss.
Later,
tomorrow,
next week,
I will laugh and drink
and go home with a stranger.
The cycle will start again
and I will move along the same path
almost by rote.
Knowing the pitfalls,
knowing the consequences,
I will still move forward irresistibly
until once again
I will find myself here;
suspended,
positive
that I have lost the only thing that matters,
you.
But who are you?
Where are you?
What are you?
Love?
Companionship?
Sex?
All of these and none.
One day I will know.
And that day, I will cease to be one with one
and we shall become two.
But until that day
the sky and I will be undecided,
the sea and I will be wild and uncaring,
the wind and I will run in circles.

—Ralph Wyatt, Jr.

Orange Blossoms

by

Bob Waltrip

I stand on the rain-wetted ground of Summit Cemetery, looking at a stone and reading the name, "Tish." Clouds are still hanging over my small home town, but the rain has stopped. This river village of my youth is alien to me now—no longer mine. But as I stand over Tish's grave memories come to me, timidly, haltingly. Poignant memories of my fourteen-year-old world that was made up of Summit, Arizona and Merit Badges and American Literature and fishing tackle and guns. Once again I see Tish, the small Indian boy. Quick, sturdy, compact, exuberant. The perfect brown boy as wildly beautiful as the purple mountains surrounding the town.

We walked together, the white boy and the Indian. Tish was half Sioux and half Hopi. Harry, Tish's father, was a tall dark warrior of a man, who worked with my father and was his best friend. They were carpenters—builders of towering pine skeletons that would never fall. Tish's mother, Alice, was short and fat like mine, and spent afternoons in Mom's kitchen, drinking coffee and smoking Camels and talking about how to make the paper-thin Hopi bread we all enjoyed. Tish was their only child, and they were fiercely proud of him. They were as modern as we, but still loved their tribes and traditions. Only the very old Indians at the Summit Reservations nearby still spoke in their tribal tongues. Tish didn't know a single word of Sioux or Hopi, and spoke with no western-movie accent. But his face and figure and carriage bespoke another era, when boys of his age ran and hunted and tamed horses wilder than God Himself.

I stand above his grave now, and sketches of our life together come back.

It was almost midnight, and we were lying on the grass outside my house. Blankets were spread, and we drank mellow Mexican coffee my brother had brought from San Luis. The smell of orange blossoms was thick in the spring air, mixed with the odor of our forbidden cigarettes. For two hours we had talked, surrounded by sleeping houses. And we talked still—of the thousand topics of boyhood; of naked women, the Army, money, football, swimming, the size of Bo Jackson's penis and Julie Vickson's breasts; of our families, our past, and our future. Boys' talk, that filled the night with sudden bursts of laughter as well as long silences.

"I don't want to grow up too fast," Tish said, lying on his stomach and cupping his hands around the coffee cup. It was so dark I could hardly see his face, outlined by sculptured ebony hair. "I figure I gotta lot to see before I settle down. Maybe I'll join the Marines when I get old enough."

The night was warm and perfect, and the scent of the orange blossoms so strong that I might have reached out and touched it. I moved to lie at angles with him, resting my head on his back. He was shirtless, and his warm skin rocked my head with his breathing. He turned over and I pressed my cheek against his stomach. He made a little noise of satisfaction.

"Do you think what we do is wrong?" he asked.

"I don't know. It's not wrong for *me*."

"Me neither."

Much later we drifted off to sleep, mumbling to each other and smelling the air and listening to the night.

That spring passed, and summer came, supporting wet green fields and distant mountains that shimmered with heat. One afternoon we walked through knee-high brush, carrying our .22's and watching for rabbits.

"If they start running, just whistle," Tish said. "Sometimes they stop to see what's up. They're curious."

A cottontail sprang from beneath a tumbleweed and ran ahead of us. Tish whistled, then yelled. After the rabbit disappeared into another weed he fired an angry shot.

"Damn stupid rat!"

I laughed.

"They're wise to us," he said, reloading. "Hell with 'em. Let's go to the river and swim, nekkid as a jay."

And we did. That summer we swam, and got our ears full of river water. We played touch football on the lawn, and burned with the itch of grass. We camped and Scouted and fished. We went to the movies and watched John Wayne. We sat at the counter of Wellman's Drug and drank cokes so fast that our eyes smarted. We stole oranges at night, our hearts beating so loudly that we couldn't hear each other's frantic whispers. We stood in the dark outside Julie Vickson's bedroom window, hoping to catch a peek at her fabled figure—naked, maybe. We were smooth-cheeked men of the world, who cussed and scratched and spat on the ground, just like that. We were fourteen and would never grow up and would never die.

When fall came we carried shotguns through fields of maize, waiting to be startled by the flurry of doves' wings. We killed the birds that flew from among the golden heads of grain, thrilled and shamed by our deeds. We tied their feet together and slung them over our shoulders, prickly-cheeked against the brisk air. We walked the two miles back home, smelling the gun powder and looking at fields and clouds and unchanging mountains.

We cracked walnuts one night and my mother made fudge that didn't turn out right. Amid quiet disappointment Tish said, "Pour me a cuppa that fudge," and everyone laughed and I ached at the sight of his face. I wanted to kiss his smiling lips. I wanted to hold the smooth mocha perfection of his face against my breast, forever. I hit him on the arm instead.

When fall gave way to winter it was not too cold. Geese flew over the river and fields turned brown and school let out for Christmas. One chill night we swiped my brother's Model A and went out for a ride. I drove and Tish jumped with excitement beside me, watching for cops. Every approaching car was the cops, and we made hurried plans for when they stopped me and asked for the

license I didn't have. Tish decided he'd make a run for it, leaving me to cope with the arresting officers.

We drove to a secret place on the river and it began to rain, slowly. There were quilts in the back. We found a bottle in the glove compartment, half full of apricot brandy. After awhile we took off our clothes and got into the back seat and covered ourselves with the quilts, feeling each other's warmth and sipping the brandy. The smell of the rain and the river entered the car and settled about us. Light-headed, I laid my head on his chest and let my hands run over his body, trembling at the touch of his warm smoothness. There, surrounded by the rain and the river and the darkened sky we came to each other in that mutually respectful, deeply gratifying sexual embrace of adolescence.

Eventually spring came again, and the orange trees bloomed once more. The days became unreal in their perfection. The air and the sun and the smell made us feel like movie actors, playing a role. We wrestled on new-cut grass, staining our knees green.

"I'm going to the river to swim. Wanna come," Tish asked one afternoon.

"It's too cold yet. That water's melted snow from the mountains."

"Chicken. Sissy."

"It's too damn cold."

"Okay then, I'm going. I'll see ya tonight."

"Okay."

After he left I began to wish I had gone with him. It seemed unnatural for us to not be swimming together. I tried not to think about him, but it was impossible. We would go to the show after supper. A science-fiction movie was playing. Maybe we could camp out later.

My father got up from the supper table to answer the phone. He came back and didn't sit down.

"That was Harry," he said, slowly. "Tish drowned in the river."

And my childhood was over.

Now, years later, I am back. I stand at a grave not quite six feet long, and tears run down my cheeks. I cry for Tish—for the dark beauty of him. For the young soul of him. I cry for the memory of my youth. For the guileless security of innocence. Was I really ever that happy? Did those blossoms really smell so sweet? Was the tender awe of first love so overpowering?

"A boy's will is the wind's will. . . ."

My tears are for beauty and not for pain. The pain has gone. My crying is for the memory of something that existed long ago. The tears that come to all of us when we remember a beauty that was ours in another time. Tears for lost youth and the memory of orange blossoms and liquid nights and rainy afternoons.

Sobering tears, but not despairing.

ARCADIE

Monthly magazine in French; literary and scientific, infrequent photos and drawings. \$9. yearly.

74 Boulevard de Reuilly, Paris, XII, France

tangents

news & views

by sal mcintire

MRS. GRUNDY SAT ON AGAIN:

In 1956 the Rhode Island legislature set up its Commission to Encourage Morality in Youth which snooped around newsstands and bookshops and when they saw something "objectionable" they sent a letter to the dealer asking for "your cooperation in removing" the material as that "will eliminate the necessity of our recommending prosecution," and in a few days a policeman showed up to see if the material had disappeared. This, they said, wasn't censorship — just "educating the public" and "advising" dealers.

Three years ago, four paperback publishers started to fight. They lost in two State Courts, but they won in a whopping 8 to 1 recent U. S. Supreme Court decision that sets down on censorship like a ton of bricks with such noise that Mrs. Grundy groups in all the 50 states are paying attention.

In an analysis of this action by our nation's highest court, the N. Y. TIMES, after reviewing the Court's other anti-censorship decisions in the past few years, says it "is simply proof that the Court is not changing its course".

WE'RE ALL BRILLIANT SEXPOTS!

As reported in Baton Rouge's STATE-TIMES, "The twisted, weird, twilight world of homosexuality" was the subject at a special session of the "Sex Crimes School" at Louisiana State University, and the star speaker was a "special agent of the FBI, New Orleans" called Furman G. Boggan.

Twisted and weird were certainly Mr. Boggan's views. The most eye-popping is his stressing that "one rather definite index of homosexuality" is that "almost without fail, all of them, both male and female, are exceptionally brilliant people."

Not just brilliant. Exceptionally brilliant!

Is it possible Mr. Boggan has come across a special gay group, the entree to which is passing high on an IQ test? We've had contact personally and by correspondence with thousands, and the level and variance is the same as for hetero's — from just plain dumb to just plain smart.

Could it be that since Mr. Boggan specializes in ferreting out homosexuals he wants to make out like he's got a real tough job?

Significant in Mr. Boggan's lec-

ture was the absence of quoting any scientific studies to back up his views—some more of which are:

—"There are just as many, no more, no less statistically, female homosexuals as there are males." (Kinsey's statistics prove far, far less.)

—All homosexuals have a "seemingly unending desire for sexual gratification". (Kinsey's statistics prove we have sex **less** often. If the sexpot laurel with "seemingly unending desire" can be handed out, it sure is to heterosexuals!)

At least one fact had a bit of truth that Mr. Boggan gave his southern audience: "They seldom recognize color or racial barriers".

Well, they've blamed just about everything else onto us—VD, traitorism, etc.—now it's miscegenation! Suppose they're working up to blaming us for the exploding world's population? And maybe all those light colored Negroes in the south come from HOMOsexual promiscuity?

TWISTING KILTS AND A DELIGHTFUL DUTCHMAN:

A friend in Dundee, Scotland, Mr. W., writes that he "can add something" about that mad Writers' Conference at the last Edinburgh Festival. That Dutch writer who got up and said he was homosexual was very "tall, blond, handsome, and altogether masculine," and "Another highlight was the treat of seeing kilted soldiers doing the twist by searchlight late at night to the accompaniment of a military band high in the ramparts of the castle."

Then another reader in London sends us an English magazine, ENCOUNTER, for Oct. '62, which has an article by co-editor Stephen Spender that calmly does something evidently no other publication dared do — identifies that delightfully

frank Dutchman by name: Van Het Reve.

We haven't been able to unearth any writings or more info on this writer but, clearly, when the time comes for us to have an International Homophile Writers Conference, tall, blond, handsome, and altogether masculine Van Het Reve will be sent the first invitation.

TEA AND EMPATHY:

A 16-year-old London boy, a laborer, is picked up in the Strand by a 46-year-old man. They go have tea at the man's flat. Then he takes the boy to the movies. At 10 p.m. they return to the flat, the man asks the boy to stay the night. The boy refuses. The man puts his arms around the boy, who picks up a decanter and beats the man to death and flees.

Murder, you say? Not at all. It isn't even manslaughter?

The Old Bailey judge directed the jury to ignore a charge of murder against tall, dark and very handsome Laurence Somers. Then after the prosecution finished its case on the lesser charge of manslaughter, the judge said: "I cannot see how any jury properly directed on the evidence can fail to find there was provocation." The homosexual advances constituted "as clear a case of provocation as it is possible to have." What "the lad" did was "self-defense."

The boy went scot free after the judge told his mother to find work for him outside London because "There are many dangers in London for young lads."

The murdered man was George Brinham, a former chairman of the Labor Party. His version of what happened will never be known. The plain fact is that a murder was committed and the excuse given by the murderer was homosexual advanc-

es—and that was enough.

Our friend who sent us the clippings on the above travesty, Mr. R. D. of London, sent along a succinct transmittal letter that said: "Well, well, what price murder in London these days?"

FLORIDA, INQUISITIONLAND, NOT VACATIONLAND:

It looks like at long last some responsible people in Florida are waking up to the dangerous McCarthyism of their notorious Johns Legislative Investigating Committee. Miami's THE HERALD says there is "broadening criticism" stemming from the arrest of a political writer on a morals charge who claims it was just smear tactics, and that responsible lawmakers wonder about the motive behind the arrest.

Under fire is the Committee's Chief Investigator, R. J. Strickland, who "refused to be interviewed by THE HERALD" — so the paper promptly did some investigating of the investigator.

They found (anybody recognize the type?) he was short, hefty, "with low forehead" and "a massive, stern jaw," bullnecked, and with a "cold stare." He started as a truck-driver. He then got a job as a deputy to a sheriff (who says he fired the man "for the good of the department" but Strickland insists he resigned). From there he went to State Beverage Department, where he lasted 18 days (the director says the man was "forced to resign" because they didn't like his methods, but Strickland claims he just resigned). Next he got a job as head of Tallahassee's Vice Squad, then jumped to the Committee.

Last October the Florida Supreme Court threw out the revocation of teaching certificates for 3 teachers accused of homosexual activities because the State Board of Education

relied "upon a so-called investigation by an investigator" (Strickland).

Also influential in the anti-McCarthyism movement in Florida have been the "state universities, their supporting groups, and university legislators" who were "outraged" by the Committee's actions. The Committee had originally been set up to investigate subversive activities — but never really blossomed until it decided to investigate homosexuality, especially in universities.

Homophiles should NOT take the above as meaning the danger has lessened in Florida. The Committee is only starting to be "criticized" — but it hasn't let up one whit in arrests. (A 36-year-old Pensacola Rabbi was one of many snared in Tallahassee's current purge.)

Our suggestion where to vacation: ANYWHERE BUT FLORIDA. A gay person that'd spend a dime in that state should have his or her head examined.

OF MANY THINGS, OF CABBAGES AND QUEENS:

Cecil Beaton's new campy book, QUAIL IN ASPIC, is amply illustrated with photos by ample Elsa Maxwell done up as "Count Korsetz" . . . The N. Y. Civil Liberties Union is legally fighting the State Liquor Authority's closing of Greenwich Village's Cafe Bohemia on the grounds that homosexuals were "congregating" on its premises. . . . One gossip columnist says Brigitte Bardot at a party slapped a girl claiming the girl had made passes at her — and another one says Bardot is collecting stares by going around with a 250-lb. lesbian who works out with weights each morning. . . . A Madison Avenue advertising research corporation testing male response to TV commercials found a romantic appeal is more effective when it of-

fers men the promise of being pursued rather than successfully pursuing. . . . At the Savoy in London, Baron Nugent and "Barbara Ashton" threw an engagement party. Beamed "Barbara", who before a sex-change operation 6 weeks previously had served as a male British Army officer: "I enjoy being a girl". . . . Reviewers of Alice B. Toklas's new book, **What Is Remembered**, reminiscences of her long life with Gertrude Stein, are finding it has the unique charm of her **Alice B. Toklas Cookbook**. The Chicago Daily News reviewer was very frank in calling the author Gertrude Stein's "lover for almost 40 years" and saying that if it weren't for Stein's personality no one but "some old lesbian" would read the book, but he found it "fey and charming". . . . An English group wants to examine the coffin of Shakespeare for clues as to whether he or somebody else (mainly two other homosexuals, Sir Francis Bacon and Christopher "All who don't love boys are fools" Marlowe) wrote the plays, but Stratford-on-Avon people are objecting 'cause if something were found it would knock in the head their lucrative tourist business. . . . The L.A. TIMES carried a big ad from Statue Makers showing a 5-foot David with fig leaf—but in fine print it says "Fig Leaf Optional". . . . That big new historical novel, **The Great Infidel**, is about gay Frederic the Second (1194-1250), Holy Roman Emperor and King of Sicily. . . . The sensational report of the English Quakers ("homosexual affection is not morally worse than heterosexual affection") has U. S. Quakers in a tizzy busy saying that's not THEIR view, and the firstest with the mostest squawks were the Quakers in our Bible Belt states of Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, and Colorado. . . . To play Michelangelo, 20th Century is trying to snag Marlon Brando,

who rode into fame on a Streetcar Named Desire via a plunging torn undershirt (a male rear-view version of Marilyn Monroe's broken bra strap). They might make up the face to resemble Michelangelo's ugly mug with mutilated nose—but how could they dress THAT symmetrical hunk of beefcake to resemble the skinny and ungainly frame of Michelangelo? . . . That very expensive American hardback magazine, EROS, just out (their "Winter 1962" issue—so you see even well-heeled magazines come out late!) is their gayest yet — big color layouts on JEWEL BOX REVIEW, an article called "Was Shakespeare Homosexual?", and in another article on fabulous Frank Harris he is quoted as booming out at a party: "No, I know nothing of the joys of homosexuality! My friend Oscar Wilde can no doubt tell you about that!" — and then after an awkward silence he added sheepishly — "But I must say that if Shakespeare had asked me I should have had to submit". . . . With a straight face, we've been told there was once a popular song entitled WHAT DID ROBINSON CRUSOE DO TO FRIDAY ON A SATURDAY NIGHT? Can anybody verify this? Don't describe what you think went on — just verify. . . .

SMITH & JONES by Nicholas Monsarrat
(Sloane)\$3.50

In one pleasant afternoon you can read this excellent book. It will leave you a bit shocked at the end, but a little suspense is a good thing. The story of two diplomats who defect to the "other side" and the attempt at getting them back before they can give all of the country's secrets to the enemy, will remind you of the *New Nazis* article in the May issue of ONE Magazine.

ONE Bookservice
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EIGHTH STREET

No faces these —
Eyes averted,
 catching fleeting analyzing glimpse
 of crotches
outline bare in chino pants
 buttocks muscle firm
enticing, unattached.

Bed to bed
in fruitless search for
 comfort
 arms that never loosen
 in the dark to touch
 another thigh.

Heads sans features
 bury in the night
to taste the womb of Mother.

by
Carol Bradford

2 poems

DOWNTOWN WALKUP

The writhing twisting
 thighs entwine
Teeth and nails
 their mark impress
to toss the blind idolators
from one embrace
 into the next.

The years are marked
 by mattresses
and faceless eyes avert
the momentary conquest thrills
 the tearlogged hours
of hurt.

As for me . . .

So just what *are* we aiming for, we of the homophile movement? Legal rights? Recognition? Acceptance? I say that we haven't set our sights high enough.

We support ONE because of its very commendable aim of seeking to obtain our constitutional rights, so that we *can* send our magazine through the mails, associate with whom and where we please, and do what we like in private with mutual consent. This, I say, is not enough.

What I want is acceptance—complete and public acceptance for what I am. I want my continuous day-time sham to end. I want people to be able to say: "Yes, I know George—he's a nice guy. Sure he's homosexual — so what?" I want to be my true self *all* the time, and not only behind locked doors or at carefully screened gatherings. I want to emerge from the underground. I want to behave in my own way; to wear what clothes I like when I like; to associate with whom I choose, where I choose; to entertain my real friends in my apartment without sneaking them in the back way.

Most gay people go to a good deal of trouble to put up a screen to hide their true selves from the straight majority; in my case, very plain clothes to the point of drabness; no jewelry; butch haircut; heavy walk, particularly if I'm aware that anyone is walking along the corridor behind me; bounding up stairs two at a time; feigning an interest in sports, and keeping quiet about my interest in the arts; hard-drinking; hard-swearing; off-color jokes about brothels; conversation punctuated with remarks beginning "This girl I used to go out with . . ." (this one only occasionally—it's wise not to overdo it), and so on. In fact I've been putting on this act for so long now—since I came out

some ten years ago—that it's become part of me. Being a schoolteacher, I have to be extra careful, and I honestly don't think that any of my straight friends would suspect my real self for one instant, and probably wouldn't believe me even if I told them. I suppose they'd have to find me in bed with another man before they'd begin to suspect!

The reason for this is very simple: to the great majority, homosexuality is a closed book. They've heard about it, or read about it, particularly whenever a sensational trial such as the Montagu case comes along, but put it aside as something "unspeakable", and pertaining to so very few that it's not worth considering. An example of this was provided by an old friend of mine, a man of the world who had been around, and mingled with the theatrical set. It seems that one night at a theatrical party he had been approached by a well-known (to me, at any rate) homosexual. Tim, my friend, next day expressed great shock to me, saying that he thought "that sort of thing had gone out with Oscar Wilde". How naive can you be!

The fact is that most people, if they think of homosexuals at all, think of us as screaming queens, wildly flamboyant in speech, dress, and gesture, and obviously effeminate. Of course there *are* people like this, but they are the minority of a minority. It used to make me mad to think that most straight people, if they knew I were homosexual, would put me down as a swish. I am a man who is no different from 95% of other men, except that I happen to be attracted to men, and not women. Last year *Holiday* ran an article on Fire Island, in which the boys of Cherry Grove were portrayed in camp as Chloe, and the girls as hard-faced, blue-jeaned dykes. This

brought my blood to the boil, and I had actually drafted a letter of protest to the magazine, when it dawned on me that this common assumption is our very protection, or at least for people like me. As long as the public supposes a homosexual necessarily to be nelly, then what have I to worry about?

Even so, I can recall the surprise I experienced when I learned that the headmaster of a well-known private school in Toronto had engaged one of that city's most infamous fairies. This fellow was flamboyant and effeminate, and really screamy. He had been in trouble with the police for his activities, yet managed to survive two terms at this boys' school without anybody asking questions. His real nature was only noticed, it seems, when he raped one of the little boys in the lavatory. He was fired, and the whole matter hushed up.

I remember an habitu   of a downtown tavern I once frequented. "Big Jess" was a fat, old, broken-down prostitute. We let her join us because she was cheery, but lonely and business was slow. Now and then we even let her come along to a party after closing time. Big Jess knew the score. But I shall never forget the night she'd had too much to drink. She turned on us with a vehemence and a foulness of mouth which shocked me. She, so low herself, was looking down on *me*! To her, of all people, I and my kind were something she'd expect to find crawling out from under an upturned stone. I felt sick.

What I want is to be able to hold up my head in society, look everyone in the eye and say "I am homosexual", and be *accepted*.

One of the reasons I left my home city was that no longer could I put up with the regular queries concerning my bachelorhood. Friends took to inviting me for supper, and, by strange chance, some unwed female would be there too. Of course my

mother was worse: "Why don't you find a nice girl, dear, and settle down?" The lie I tell now is that I'm divorced, and must be "very careful". And yet I still have to make sure that once in a while I'm seen in public with a woman; and must be careful not to be seen too often with a man. Some of my friends are a bit on the nelly side; and I don't care. But I would never be seen in public with them. None of this I want. None of this I've asked for. I want to be able to go places with other men, hold hands in the movies, and have a dance or two in a night-club, openly and fearlessly.

My fondest desire is no different from that of most other people—to find a companion whom I can love, and who will love me in return—someone with whom I can share my life. I'm pushing thirty, and have more or less given up hoping; but even if I were lucky enough to meet HIM, what sort of life would we be able to lead? We would want to share an apartment together; share our daily lives. Could we do this now? Not without running the risk of losing our jobs, being asked by the landlord to leave, and being snubbed by friends and acquaintances.

This I want to change. Even my private life is invaded. I want to be able to decorate my apartment in *my* way, and not to keep my gay books, magazines and pictures hidden, just in case a straight friend drops in, or the plumber calls. And it's not exactly reassuring to know that what to me is an act of love, is a crime here in Canada, punishable with life imprisonment.

I reject totally the suggestion of ONE correspondents who are married with children, yet meet boy-friends on the sly. Firstly, what sort of life is this? Secondly, this may be all right for them, but then, they're not homosexual. They are obviously bisexual. "Homosexual" means the *same* sex,

not *both* sexes. This course of action wouldn't work for the true homosexual (such as me), the man who is 100 per cent attracted to men, and *never* to women.

I reject also the recent suggestions of ONE that homosexuality is the answer to the world population "explosion". Is ONE serious? Certainly it's a delicious camp to conjure up a world where 95% of the population is *gay*. But since I know that *I* could *never* be heterosexual, I can hardly believe that *they* could ever be, en masse, homosexual.

However, my wails and wants are a waste of time. We can talk, we can hope, we can wage our battles in the courts; but I do not believe that the wishes I have outlined above will ever come to pass in our society, while it is in the stranglehold of a "Christianity" poisoned with the sexual fears and frustrations of Paul of Tarsus. We can dream of the golden days in Greece, or of finding a remote corner of Polynesia as yet unspoiled by the missionaries; but a dream, I fear, is all that we can have.

Geo. Francis

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND MYSELF

the autobiography of Michael Davidson,
(Arthur Barker)\$5.00

This newspaper reporter homosexual, gives vivid description of sex in Asia and how it is to live in jail as a sex criminal, a la Wilde.

CITY OF NIGHT by John Rechy\$5.95

For the first time in a long time, a book about male prostitution which goes beyond the clinical and becomes entertaining. It is a gay tour of the United States. The descriptions of and incidents in New Orleans, and Los Angeles (Pershing Square), are hilarious and earthy.

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THE CORRUPTER

by James Colton

At five minutes to ten, Barker Thomas decided to lock up. He was tired. But when he was halfway across the little lunchroom, that was a stiff garden of daffodil-yellow tables and delphinium-blue chairs, he halted. A bony man in chinos and a leather jacket, pale-faced, needing a shave, came across the sidewalk, his thinning hair stirring in the damp night air. Barker walked back behind the counter and poured from the nearly empty glass pot into a crockery mug. He heard the door open and close.

"Coffee? It's about all we've got left."

"Yeah." A stool squeaked.

Barker turned, smiling, and set the mug on the counter. Then he stopped smiling. The man held a gun. Barker looked at his eyes that were faded blue in a sallow face.

"What's this?"

"What does it look like, Barker?"

"Look, I wouldn't try a hold-up here. We've had one. The cops are watching this place."

The thin mouth twisted in a sour smile. "Not a hold-up, Barker. Murder. I'm going to kill you."

Barker's knees gave way. He gripped the counter.

"Kill *me*? What for? Look, if this is a gag—"

But of course it wasn't. Mechanically, he turned his head to stare at the snap-shots Scotch-taped to the side of the cash-register. And he thought hollowly: *I should never have stayed here, not after the last time.* The last time, they had made him give them the money. Then, instead of running, they had dragged him into the kitchen, and one of them had lashed him across the face with a chain, and when he had fallen down they had kicked him, kicked him. He had damn near died. Kids, juveniles. The police had caught them. But he had damn near died anyway. In the hospital. A month in the hospital. After that, he should have sold out. He should never have come back here. Now . . .

"You don't know who I am, do you, Barker? Look at me, goddammit! What the hell do you see over there?"

He jumped off the stool and walked over to the cash register and squinted at the snap-shots, all fastened together with Scotch tape. "Your goddamn nephews and nieces. Still the goddamn pictures. Still the same old Barker—innocence, innocence, innocence, all around." With his free hand he clawed at them, ripped them off the register, crumpled them in his fist, threw them on the bright linoleum.

"Vern Smith," Barker said suddenly.

"Yeah, Vern Smith." Gaunt, unlovely, disgusted with his own name, he came back and sat down again. "You didn't even remember, did you?"

"You've changed." His body had been like ivory, hair like spun gold, blue eyes dancing with mischief, mouth forever laughing. "Fifteen years is a long time, Vern."

"But *you* haven't changed, have you, Barker."

"Oh, yes."

"Don't lie to me, you son of a bitch!"

"Vern, just what is this?"

"Vern, just what is this?" The mincing mimicry was savage. Spittle glistened on the twisting lips. "You trying to tell me you don't know? You don't remember what you did to me?"

"I remember," Barker said quietly, "what we did together. I'll never forget that. It was very beautiful."

"Ah, you—" Vern turned away in disgust.

For an instant the gun lay forgotten on the counter, large, heavy-looking, evil on the guileless yellow formica. Barker told himself to grab it. Now. Now. But he was afraid. And the moment passed. Vern turned back.

"I was seventeen goddamn years old. Don't you remember that?"

"Every detail. It was a Monday afternoon. May, 1947. Late, after five o'clock. I drove a delivery truck—for the laundry that did the towels for the High School. I brought a truckload of towels to the gym. Place was deserted. Except for you. You were waiting, all alone, to help me unload. It was hot. You had on trunks, that was all. And in the locker room. Yes, Vern. I remember."

"And a lot of times after that."

"A few times. Maybe half a dozen. But only when you came asking for it."

"Oh, hell, yes, it was all my fault. You weren't handsome, charming, flattering. What the hell did you expect from a seventeen-year-old—resistance, judgment, moral fiber? Sure, I came. But I never saw you try to turn me away." He grimaced. "And I can still see that apartment of yours, with those goddamn photos all over the walls—those kids, little girls and boys, four, six, eight years old. Nephews and nieces. Smiling down on the bed while we—"

"Vern, what's the matter with you? What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" Vern threw back his head and the sound that came out was supposed to be laughter. "My whole goddamn life's what's wrong. What the hell is there to the kind of life you started me on? What the hell is there but mistakes, and heartbreak, and wanting what you can never get, and cold parks, and bitchy beer bars, and stinking men's rooms, and getting rolled, and getting sick, and more mistakes?" He stared down at the gun in his bony hand, then looked up, steadily, out of sunken eyes. "And jail?"

That explained the sickly pallor.

"I'm sorry," Barker said softly.

"Yeah, sure you are. Well, sorry's not good enough. Not half good enough. Only not having done it, not to me, not to anybody—only that would be good enough. And it's too late to change that. But it's not too late to stop you ever

doing it again." He got off the stool and stood levelling the gun at Barker's white-shirted chest, someplace below the small bow tie, and to the left. His hand shook. "It's not too late to kill you."

"Vern," Barker began, "if your life has been—"

Then the door opened. A plump, brown-skinned young woman stood there in a neat, crisp cotton house-dress. Her hair was tied up in a scarf because it was pinned in curlers. She held a little boy in a romper suit. Her dark eyes widened.

"What's going on here? Barker, are you—?"

Vern turned. Naturally he turned. And this time Barker was ready. He lunged across the counter, striking hard at the hand holding the gun. It fell with a clatter and skidded across the yellow waxed floor. And suddenly from behind the young woman's skirts darted a small boy in patched and faded levis. He fell on the gun, picked it up, waved it, turning around, proud, grinning.

"Hey, look, it's real! Look at me. I'm Matt Dillon."

"Dickie, be careful of that." The woman started toward him. Barker started toward him. Only Vern failed to move. He simply stood staring.

The small, bright-painted room filled up, suddenly, with children, running, skidding, yelling—big kids, little kids. And all of them were the image either of the brown-skinned girl or of Barker. Oh, there was some of Barker in every one of them—either the cocky grin, or the wonderfully curly hair, or the tilted nose with the brown freckles across it, or the wide-set eyes with long lashes. A couple of them had all these features.

"Hey, Mister, this your gun? Is it really real?"

"Who are you?" This little girl had pigtails and she tugged at his pants leg. "Are you the Sheriff or something?"

"I'm not the Sheriff," Vern said, stiff-faced.

"It's my friend, Vern." Barker looked gravely into his eyes. "An old friend. I haven't seen him for a long time. Even before I met your mother. Vern, this is my wife, Marie. And this is my family. My kids: Ace, Wanda, Teresa, Dickie—okay, give me the gun, Dickie—Bobby, Tina. And that's little Jeff."

Marie came forward with little Jeff still on her arm, her eyes still puzzled, but not hostile—warm and reassuring. "Hello, Vern." Her hand was small but firm when she took his.

"Listen," Barker asked her, "what is all this? Why aren't they home in bed? Hey, get away from that sugar, now. No, you can't have a Coke."

"We decided we had to see that Disney thing at the drive-in. We voted on it." Marie smiled wanly. "I lost."

"You were outnumbered." Barker handed the gun back to Vern. "Come on, let's get out of here." He hung up his apron, shrugged into a jacket, snapped off the lights, and herded the shadowy, skittering kids out on to the sidewalk. Their mother led them to a battered station-wagon at the curb. "Will you come along, have a drink?"

"No." Vern shook his head. He had not moved from beside the counter. He stood like a scarecrow in the dark.

"I've got a reason." Barker was a trim silhouette in the doorway. His voice was earnest. "I'd like you to see that life doesn't have to be like you say yours is."

"Sure, not if you're Barker Thomas. Lucky. Always land on your feet, don't you? By now, tonight, you should be dead. If I was in your shoes, I would have been. But not you—you've got the luck."

He stared down for a moment, thoughtfully, weighing the gun in his hand. Then, with a sigh, he slipped it back into his jacket pocket. But suddenly he

looked up and there was keenness in his voice. "Only—suppose I was to tell her, Barker? What's to stop me walking out of here tonight now and telling her—about you and me, and what you are?" He moved purposefully toward Barker in the doorway. But then he halted because Barker was shaking his head and smiling a small, apologetic smile.

"Sorry. She already knows, Vern. I told her before we were married."

"Not before you laid her, but before you were married. Yeah, it figures." Vern stared bleakly. "And you still work the other side of the street, I'll bet. Don't you?"

"It's pleasant sometimes."

"Christ," Vern said.

"Look, have you got a place to stay? We've got lots of room. Big old barn of a place, but we've worked it over. Kind of proud of it, like to show it off. Please come."

"Go to hell," Vern said, and pushed out past him.

The kids were all in the station wagon now, but the windows were down. They leaned out, waving and grinning. He turned and walked away into the fog.

"Good-night, Vern," they sing-songed after him.

DO YOU READ ONE'S OTHER MONTHLY?

Surely you know about ONE Confidential, the newsy little monthly which gives the equivalent of eight (or more) pages in ONE Magazine to The Friends of ONE (Members). If you don't see ONE Confidential you are not really in the know these days: the news, the explanations, Backstage at ONE, the many things not for the Magazine.

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BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



SMITH & JONES, by Nicholas Monsarrat, Wm. Sloane Associates, New York, 1963, 182 pp., \$3.50.

Here is a novel with a surprise ending — guaranteed to tease even the most accomplished follower of Agatha Christie. However, *Smith & Jones* is not a mystery story; it is a political commentary on a sinister problem of modern times: national security, and the liberties powerful governments are taking against their citizens in the name of security. Our own government, ostensibly to safeguard our inalienable rights, currently defends a policy of lying, wire-tapping, blackmailing, and intimidation — this activity directed against its own people.

Coming in for more than their share of suspicion and scrutiny are homosexuals. Just the hint of this taint in a government employee or worker in defense contracts brings constant, intricate surveillance and questioning or immediate firing. Ivan Smith and Peter Jones, both in government service, are suspected of being homosexual, but before they can be dealt with they desert their country.

The two books following the Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean defection from England in 1951 (*Troubled Midnight* by Rodney Garland and *The Missing Macleans* by Geoffrey Hoare) both stress and ridicule the homosexuality of Burgess and Maclean. Mr. Monsarrat on the other hand ridicules Intelligence men, secret po-

lice, embassy officials — more particularly the prototype of them all — the Security Officer, watchdog of personal files who pitilessly, calculatingly tracks down his quarry without consideration for personal weight and ironically defeats his intended purpose. Unfortunately, the author is a story-teller at the surface level. The intelligence agencies turn out to be inept. They lack the complicated machinery for accomplishing anything; they have no visible means of gathering information. Mr. Monsarrat does give his sleuths stamina. But he either knows nothing about the employment of tape recorders, trap doors, keyholes and other devices that should enliven such a book, or he leaves them out of his story for other reasons. The result of this almost total lack of "inside information" deprives the book of suspense and seriously weakens what could be a stunning effect. It is a flaw in craftsmanship.

Mr. Monsarrat nearly makes up by being deliciously hard on his small-minded, mean-minded first-person Security man. He has no pity on this loathsome creature. Through him (he is known as "Drill-Pig") we see the destructive force of governments mad about power and prestige, ruled by "the smug, self-satisfied, narrow-minded conformists . . . where everyone has to fit in." "Unless you stay in your appointed niche and behave like a good boy from cradle to grave, you might as well be dead," says defector

Jones to Drill-Pig when he is caught. Before the end of the book one tends to believe that such a state of affairs could develop. Drill-Pig, while he decries a "conformist society," unwittingly pushes, in his every action, for it. He finds a kinship with enemy agents — cold, disciplined — a kinship he cannot get from his own "weak sister" embassy officials. He nails such softies to the carpet and considers: "We always have the last word because of the magic label 'Security.' We have the whip hand. There is no other hand worth having."

That the author of *Smith & Jones* is successful is probably due to the terrible reality of what he is trying to tell us. The book acts as a key to what has become a tangle of politics, pressures and passions.

D. S.

DICTIONARY OF EROTIC LITERATURE, by Harry E. Wedeck, New York, Philosophical Library, Inc., 1962, pp. 556, \$10.00.

One does not ordinarily expect to read a dictionary consecutively, but this volume would seem to be intended to be read in that manner. It is certainly not a reference book for students as the usual scholarly apparatus of philological notes, origins, analogies, etc., customary in works basic to research, are quite missing except for dates of authors. Of course the title indicates that the content is literature, not word meanings or concepts drawn from psychology, psychiatry, biology, or other fields. Thus it is limited to books, authors, and occasional words or phrases with a definitely literary character. Such writers as Hirschfeld, Stekel, Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Edward Carpenter, and others notable in the sex field are conspicuous by their absence, although many of their works might certainly be classified as literature, *Ioläus* and *Love's Coming*

of Age, for example. Perhaps there is more reason for omitting such terms as homophile, homosexual, sadism, masochism, berdache, etc., although even here literary origins have played a large part in erotic ideology. Many of the references are so brief and unconnected with any specific publisher, periodical, time, or place that they give the reader or research worker very little enlightenment. It would seem that the author has confused the function of a dictionary with that of an anthology. Many of the references to the more notable works of erotic literature are accompanied by selections from the work itself which give a real impression of the book as a whole. Extended excerpts are presented from the writings of Balzac, Chaucer, the Decameron of Boccaccio, Aristophanes, the Satyricon of Petronius, The Song of Songs from the Bible, Zola, Voltaire, and others. As stated above, the volume offers little to the serious student of eroticism and practically nothing to the homophile or student of deviationism, but for one who has heard of Chaucer, Boccaccio, etc., and would like to have a glimpse into their writings without an extended reading of their longer and sometimes tedious, complete works, it would prove interesting and useful. Perhaps the author would have done better to have separated the functions of dictionary and anthology and limited himself to the latter with no attempt to cover the entire literary field, more as was done by the author of *Unhurried Erotica*.

T. M. M.

DESPOTISM, A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF TYRANNY, by Dagobert D. Runes, New York, Philosophical Library, Inc., 1963, pp. 269, \$12.50.

Anyone who reads history at all knows that every epoch and particularly every crisis or change has been marked by wars, massacres, and up-

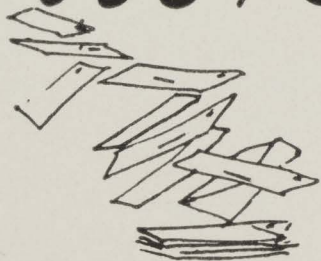
sets of whole populations wherein the savage impulses of man were given full rein to express themselves in deeds of horror whose extent is incalculable. But for most of us these events are merely statistics whose reality staggers the imagination until we are tempted to say: "They just couldn't exist." The present volume, upon the basis of a brief outline of the history, mostly of Europe, presents an extraordinary collection of pictures, many of them photographs as well as copies of notable works of art, which portray vividly the actual scenes of horror. It is frankly a bitter and angry record of "man's inhumanity to man." Individuals and groups are scathingly indicted and it seems that the greater the figure as a historic character, the more ruthless and inhuman he becomes. Certainly the record bears out the theme that "power corrupts and unlimited power corrupts completely." It further seems that no supreme dictator has ever used his power to create general welfare. While tyranny with its crimes has not been restrained apparently by any motive, consanguinity, religion, ethics, or anything else short of superior force, it does seem that certain minorities in the population have been singled out for especially harsh treatment or victimization. And it is rather strange that the author has made no

reference to the long-continued and vicious persecution and oppression of the sex deviationists who have suffered just about the whole range of diabolical invention from burning alive onward. In fact a whole chapter might be taken up with this aspect of the subject.

Perhaps the worst feature of the whole portrayal of the sordid history is the fact that man does not learn from his experience. Negroes are still being discriminated against, tortured, and killed in communities which boast of their cultural advancement and their membership in the "Free World"; Jews still suffer cruel and subtle insult on many sides in spite of their large and substantial contribution to the most advanced art and science of our times; nations and cities where wealth and luxury abound for the few sustain vast slums wherein the slow torture of starvation and disease may have little advantage over a quick and sharp death by bullet, sword, or bomb. If this book can arouse within us an indignation which will lead to a greater compassion towards *all* of our fellow men, including those who differ from us in physical and cultural traits, it will have served a most useful purpose. Homophiles should doubtless be among the first to learn this lesson.

T. M. M.

Letters



HOW FREE ARE YOU?

Gentlemen:

One friend says he MAY subscribe—if a lawyer where he works feels it would be safe and not jeopardize his job. I get incensed to know that such a situation is true in this land of ours, supposedly a resort of individual free-

doms and "home of the brave." It makes more clear the tremendously urgent and great task before all Americans, whether homophile or not, to become militant and positive in their stand for what this country should be—not what it claims to be!

I still have my job with the Government and will soon start the eleventh week since my official "notice." This delay, if it is that, is rather unusual I think.

Mr. H.
Washington, D. C.

Dear friends:

Quite a purge is going on here with entrapment at an ever-increasing pace, more and more victims falling prey to this vicious attempt to wipe out the homosexual population from the city center.

I made the gross error of entertaining strangers brought by one claiming to be my

friend to my home. I have and will continue to pay and pay for this, for I was arrested by them. I had to pay fines of \$600 plus legal fees of \$425, plus two years of therapy at \$2500. The threat from the judge was that if I was brought back during my probation I would face life imprisonment, which a person can get under Pennsylvania law as it was modified under the Barr-Landrum Act in 1961.

Although there was no publicity in the papers a court attendant recognized me and had me fired from a good job. This leaves me in the position of no income, unable to leave the state during my probation and with difficulty in finding a new position.

The results of increased dissemination of information on the subject of homosexuality has not presently increased tolerance. Perhaps this will improve at a later date, but for the present a homosexual must to all intents and purposes not put into practice the drives he feels, for most surely the wrath of society will sooner or later fall upon him and trample him into the dirt of the earth.

Mr. B.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Hey:

When ONE hears of the murder of a gay person why not contact the D.A. and furnish arguments against letting the culprit go free on the excuse of saying, "He made a pass at me"?

Are you doing anything specifically in any particular locations to test existing laws? To effect changes? How about sending reprints of significant articles (they must be logical and convincing to legal-minded straight people) to state and federal judges? Have you drawn up such a mailing list?

Appeals only to gay readers won't help greatly—they are already converted. We need a militant attack on existing laws.

Mr. A.
Akron, Ohio

Gentlemen:

I am interested in ONE's 1963 Midwinter Institute, now past, and sorry I could not have attended as I am particularly concerned with the legal status of homosexuals in USA. Would it be possible to print and sell the minutes of the Institute, or at least the salient parts?

Thank you for your reply concerning my inquiry about the Homosexual Law Reform Society of Great Britain. It seems like a most curious attitude that this organization would not welcome a visit from one who is a member of the group which it is trying to help.

I am quite in agreement with you that the homosexual must win civil rights as the Negro has and, like the Negro, must in all probability organize and agitate for these rights.

Mr. K.
Miami, Florida

DAUBING TAUBMAN

Dear friends:

An undated clipping from the New York Times has come to hand, lavishing valuable column inches with what would seem a high degree of editorial indulgence to some meanderings of Times Drama Critic Howard Taubman. To a hill-billy like myself the merit of his "Helpful Hints to Tell Appearances vs. Truth" (sic!) remains one of those esoteric mysteries which doubtless are plain to that rarefied in-group populating Manhattan.

To others, Howard's Hints may sound like utter nonsense, the sort of nonsense that seems to flow at times all too easily from the mouths of oracles, especially somewhat provincial oracles.

For benefit of those who manage to get along without the Times be it said that the gist of the three-column complaint is that the New York stage is shot through and through with homosexuality, both overt and disguised, this season. Cited are plays by O'Neill, Pinter, Sidney Kingsley, Hermann Gressieker and Inge, containing "palpable specimens of homosexual content."

These are bad enough, but really upsetting to Howard are what he conceives to be the disguised references to homosexuality, the situations which if inverted (sex-wise) would seem to him to make better sense; "the hideous wife who makes a horror of the marriage relationship"; "the husband who hasn't touched his wife for years"; etc. He sighs for a time and some miracle which would "oblige playwrights obsessed by homosexuality and its problems to define their themes clearly and honestly."

Come now, Howard, are you so innocent as to imagine your public does not know why this cannot be? Are you so unaware of the dynamics of social sanction (known to every college freshman class in sociology) as not to be able to diagnose the phenomenon? Do you really expect us to believe that a playwright who is not "obsessed by" **heterosexuality** would find a stage for his work unless it be liberally smudged over with a whitewash of those appearances calculated to deflect the wrath of those self-same social sanctions?

Please, Mr. Taubman, like the shoemaker with his last, stick to your drama criticism, but do leave social interpretations to the more knowledgeable.

Mr. G.
Ashland, Oregon

MONTREAL THE MAD

Dear ONE:

Montreal is still far superior to NYC and is now hopping more than ever. It is sad that ONE does not have an outpost of intelligent gay people up here in this northeastern frontier who have immediate contact with the many gay and local developments.

A gay guy or a car full of guys (most

probably gay) cannot cross into Canada now without individual questioning lasting up to an hour at all Vermont and northeastern New York stations. All sorts of very personal information is demanded and all questions are of a very definitely gay nature. Extra return passengers are not permitted. The time limit for border crossings has as a rule been high noon the next day and with Montreal gay bars open until 3 A.M. and one hour's travel to the border, just how much sleep can any transient from the States get?

The hotel one intends to stay at is demanded; upon arrival one finds that Customs has contacted the hotel to confirm reservations or otherwise warn them of the latest load of queers to arrive. Advance payment for rooms is demanded and even for local phone calls. Change of hotels or even nite-club itinerary is not permitted without approval.

On the local scene things are still very much scattered, and probably at an all-time low ebb. Yet, underneath it all we are probably the gayest New England spot in existence, second only to P-town. Among the proud feathers in our many-shaded lavender caps is that we are (or were) the smallest city in the U. S. with an "open" gay bar. We are so strategically located that we are known as the foremost and prime gay educational center in northeastern U. S.

**Mr. A.
Burlington, Vermont**

WHO GAVE THEM THIS AUTHORITY?

Dear sirs:

The intent behind the establishment of postal regulations we do not interpret to mean the monitoring of our thoughts or of words or materials that are not, and never can be, a hazard to person or property.

This rather recent development smells very strongly of another Judas-sellout: the servant betraying the hand that feeds him. The evil little pressure groups have had their say-so and their narrow-minded dictates have been catered to by a fawning officialdom. If only an atom of intelligent thought were given the matter it would be quite readily seen that prohibition cures nothing—this was proven conclusively with the Volstead Act of the 1920s.

We don't argue that "pornography" is a sublime pastime, but neither do we consider it the destructive monster that it has been painted to be. It does not incite criminal desires; rather, it is a means of release for pent-up human emotions and natural appetites, and acts as a substitute. The suppression of nude art, or even pornography, defeats its own purpose.

It is a common tendency for a sinner to shout loudly his accusations of others in order to divert attention from his own transgressions. It is not the disciple of "pornography" who is sick; it is his accusers who are sick.

Our children do not need to go to the mail-

box for sex; they need only go around the corner. The honest solution would be to repeal insane intrusions upon the American citizen's privacy and act only upon definite complaints from individuals who can show evidence that they, or their families, were wronged. Then, the hundreds of postal inspectors all over the country could peacefully go back to their jobs and cease trying to police public morals, which they were never intended to do in the first place.

**Mr. B.
Jonesboro, Arkansas**

PATS ON THE BACK

Dear friends:

I found the current issue the usual intellectual stimulation and sheer reading pleasure that I have come to expect from you. How you do it I shall never know, but you're the best tonic for homosexuals I have yet encountered.

Whenever I find myself wallowing in self-pity the Magazine comes along and snaps me out of that distasteful rut and sends me on, encouraged to be a better human, a more useful citizen and a more loving soul. If I sound gushy, I don't give a damn.

The QUARTERLY, Number 14 is a scholarly publication of the first merit. I look forward to future issues.

**Mr. P.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania**

Dear sir:

I recently saw the Director of ONE Institute on a rerun of the Norman Ross TV show, "Off the Cuff" and want you to know I concur with his views. Would you please send me more information about ONE Institute.

**Miss F.
Berwyn, Illinois**

Gentlemen:

Please allow me to add my commendations to all the others who have expressed their gratefulness for your work. It is an important and difficult one. From time to time there are those who express their dissatisfaction with the manner in which you are doing it. Yet I notice there is rarely any practical or helpful suggestion of improvement offered. By which I mean to convey that I feel you are accomplishing a great deal in a field in which it is sorely needed, and doing it in as effective a way as can be imagined. Keep up the good work.

**Mr. D.
Long Beach, California**

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